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LODER'S
NIGHT-DANCERS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA
COVENT GARDEN,

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

MISS LOUISA PYNE AND MR. W. HARRISON.

CONDUCTOR, MR. ALFRED MELLON.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES JEFFERYS, 21, SOHO SQUARE. W.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

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TO OPERATIC VOCALISTS,
PROFESSIONAL SINGERS, AND CHORALISTS.

THE ONLY AUTHENTIC

ENGLISH VERSION

OF

VERDI'S TRAGIC OPERA

IL TROVATORE

(THE GIPSY'S VENGEANCE),

IS THAT WRITTEN AND ADAPTED BY

CHARLES JEFFERYS,

FOR THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

PERFORMED BY THE

PYNE AND HARRISON COMPANY,

AND AT ALL OTHER

ENGLISH THEATRES.

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LONDON:

CHARLES JEFFERYS, 21, SOHO SQUARE. W.

C

THE
NIGHT-DANCERS,

A

GRAND ROMANTIC OPERA,

PARTLY FOUNDED ON THE STORY OF GISELLE.

BY

GEORGE SOANE, A.B.

THE MUSIC BY

EDWARD LODER.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES JEFFERYS, 21, SOHO SQUARE.

Persons Represented.

CHARACTERS IN THE INDUCTION.

Albert	MR. HENRY HAIGH.
Godfrey (<i>a Miller</i>)	MR. THEODORE DISTIN.
Giselle	MADAME PALMIERI.
Mary	MISS THIRLWALL.

CHARACTERS IN THE OPERA.

Duke of Silesia	MR. GRATTAN KELLY.
Albert	MR. HENRY HAIGH.
Godfrey	MR. THEODORE DISTIN.
Fridolin	MR. HENRY CORRI.
Wilfred (<i>Head Ranger</i>)	MR. C. LYALL.
Giselle	MADAME PALMIERI.
Mary	MISS THIRLWALL.
Bertha (<i>Daughter of the Duke</i>)	MISS LEFFLER.
Myrtha (<i>Queen of the Wilis</i>)	MADAME PIERRON.
Corella	MISS C. ALBERTAZZI.
Astra	MISS FANNY LENG.
Unda	MISS MARY HUDDART.

Peasantry, Huntsmen, Wilis, &c., &c., &c.

THE COMPLETE OPERA, FOR VOICE AND PIANOFORTE,
PRICE ONE GUINEA.

THE NIGHT-DANCERS,

BY EDWARD LODER.



INDUCTION.

THE scene is laid in Silesia. Giselle the daughter, and Mary the niece, of Godfrey, a Miller, have just finished making their dresses for the wedding of the former, which is to take place on the morrow : deeply imbued with the superstitions of her country, Giselle is filled with romantic notions, and gives way to idle fancies : fond of dancing, and an enthusiast in music, she indulges in both until, wearied by her exertions, she is completely overpowered by sleep. Mary, like a sensible bridesmaid, has retired to rest, and left Giselle to her dancing and—her dream.

ACT I.

Albert, the intended bridegroom of Giselle, is a young Forester, whose residence in the village has been of short duration. Fridolin, a fussy busybody of a beadle, who had long been endeavouring to find out the history of this stranger, had spread a report that the betrothed of Giselle was of noble birth, and that his hand had been engaged to a lady of his own rank. In her dream Giselle fancies all the particular circumstances which end in the supposed detection of Albert's infidelity ; heartbroken at his duplicity she reproaches him, and falls apparently lifeless in his arms. Believing that she has but swooned, Albert endeavours to recall Giselle to her senses, when, just as she appears to be reviving, the sound of a passing-bell is heard, followed by a procession of monks, who are singing the requiem for a departed

sister. Giselle now seems to be really dead, it is her own requiem she has heard, and the voices of all blend in one solemn strain of harmony, with which the Act closes.

ACT II.

The greater portion of this Act is occupied by the Wilis, of whom Giselle is now one. According to the most authentic records, the Wilis, or Vilas, are young brides who have the misfortune to die before the wedding-day. They are supposed to have such a passion for dancing that they cannot rest quiet in their graves. Be this as it may, the defunct brides rise from earth at the hour of midnight, and assemble on the high-way, attired in all their bridal finery, with ribbons fluttering to the wind, jewels sparkling on their fingers, and their heads encircled with coronets of flowers. Death has set the whiteness of snow upon their foreheads, but withal has invested them with a mysterious and indescribable beauty, surpassing even the loveliness of life. And woe to the youth who comes within their magic circle; they breathe into him the same wild passion for the dance by which they are themselves possessed, and under its influence he must dance on—on—on—till he falls down dead.*

Giselle, it will be remembered, had fallen asleep in the apartment in which the Induction is represented; at the return of daybreak her sleep is broken, her dream is ended, and with the approaching wedding of Albert and Giselle the Opera terminates.

* See DER SALON, von H. Heine. Dritter Band, p. 170.



THE NIGHT-DANCERS.

INDUCTION.

SCENE.—*A Gothic Chamber with a large window at the back opening upon a moonlit lake. On the left is a low door leading to the bedroom of GISELLE and MARY; by the side of it, but nearer to the audience, is a Madonna, with a small altar below, on which stands an unlighted lamp. On the left is a second door opening outward. A couch, chair, and table, all of the antique kind, are placed about; on the table are two lighted candles. MARY is discovered seated at the table, working at a white dress, and singing.*

LEGEND. (MARY.)

Two suitors they came with love and with gold,
But the maiden would only be won by the bold;
“Who’d make me his bride,” she exclaimed with a smile,
“Must pass a long night in St. Mary’s aisle;
He must wake and watch in the ruins alone,
Where the goblins haunt and the mandrakes groan.”

The first knight went—dark and wild was the hour,
And something, though bold, he felt of its power;
But the clock struck one! when a horrible din
Burst at once from the sacristy within;
Such laughter and shrieks! so unearthly a roar!
He sank down in a swoon—he could bear it no more.

But morn brings back courage, and boldly he flies
To the maiden, and claims her hand as his prize.
“Tell me first what you’ve seen, on your knightly word?”—
“I nothing have seen, love, and nothing have heard.”
But malice laughed out in the glance of the bride,
And she answered with scorn, “Sir Knight you have lied.”

Then the younger knight would his fortune try;
With him was no fear in heart or in eye:
By the light of the fitful moon he read,
The records that told of the silent dead,
Till at the same hour, the yell, and the shout,
And the clang from the old sacristy broke out.

But the knight was more used to fight than to pray,
And he struck at the door till the bolts gave way;
When the sacristy lo! was blazing fair,
And the priest with his open book stood there;
And the maiden points to the marriage shrine,—
“Sir Knight, you have won me, I’m fairly thine!”

Mary. There ! I've finished my song and my work together ; and now, cousin Giselle, I am quite ready for your wedding, were it to-night instead of to-morrow morning, (*Admiring the gown.*) What a love ! well, of all the bridemaids, I shall surely be the best dressed !

GODFREY, *who during this has stolen on unnoticed, comes behind and taps her on the shoulder.*

Godfrey (laughing). Aye ! and the best looking, my little Mary.

Mary. Oh, uncle Godfrey !—how you startled me.

Godfrey. What ! you took me for a ghost ? no wonder, when you keep such late hours ; Giselle, I warrant me has been in bed long ago.

Mary. You are out there, uncle ; she has put on her wedding-dress, and is admiring herself before the great glass.

Godfrey. Put on her wedding-dress ! why the girls are all mad, I think ; can't you take things quietly, as I do ?

Mary. Ah ! but you are not going to be married you know.

Godfrey. Nor you either—till master Fridolin becomes a man of substance ; and that won't be for one while, I reckon.

Mary. Uncle Godfrey.

GISELLE *enters from the inner room in her wedding-dress.*

Godfrey. Not in bed yet, Giselle ? And what's all that finery for ? you would not be married to-night, would you ?

Giselle. Now don't be angry, father ; I was only trying them on.

Godfrey. Angry, you foolish thing ? I never can be angry with you ; and that you well know, or you would not be so full of whims and fancies.

Giselle. My dear father !

Mary. My dear uncle !

Godfrey. Pshaw ! you are making a fool of the old man as usual !

Giselle. No, indeed !

Mary. No, indeed !

Godfrey. You are, you are ; and faith, I am not sure that I don't love you all the better.

SONG. (GODFREY.)

Laugh, my girls, I ne'er could see
 The use of meeting ill ;
 Every thing was made to be
 Happy, if it will—
 Old and young, and bird and beast,
 As the highest so the least,
 If the heart be good and true :
 Laugh then, girls, and I'll laugh too,
 Ha, ha, ha !

SONG *continued.*

Years have stolen away, I know,
 Something of my fire,
 Still my heart is young, although
 My limbs may haply tire ;
 Dance I can't, nor follow hound,
 When the stag or boar is found—
 Nothing that I used to do ;
 Still, girls, I can laugh with you.

Ha, ha, ha !

(Exit GODFREY.)

Mary. Well, sure there never was such a good, kind-hearted creature as uncle Godfrey. But, how say you, cousin Giselle, shall we to bed ? (*GISELLE is waltzing.*) Waltzing again, as I live ! why, if you go on at this rate, you will dance yourself to death.

Giselle. I cannot help it, Mary ; the leaf would as soon remain quiet on the bough when the wind sings to it, as I forbear to dance when I hear the sound of music.

(*Distant music is heard faintly.*)

Mary. Well, but you don't hear music now, so pray be quiet.

Giselle. Do I not ?—listen !—'tis low and far off, yet it comes upon my ear with the surging of the waters.

Mary. You are right, coz. ; I hear it now.

Giselle. How sweet !

Mary. Very ; but for all that I can't keep my eyes open any longer. Will you come to bed ?

Giselle. Presently, presently !

Mary. Presently won't do for me ; I am too tired already ; and so I leave you to your music, and—a tooth-ache.

(*She takes up one of the lights, and goes off into the inner room.*)

Giselle. Oh, very well ; go, and peace be with you. How dull and sleepy they all are ! not one of them has eyes or ears for night—beautiful night !—with its low, sweet sounds, and its soft brilliance. But hark ! the music on the lake is coming below my window.

SERENADE FROM THE LAKE.

CHORUS.

Pull, brothers, with good will—

Ho la !

Her lamp is burning still,

Its rays the lattice fill.

Ho la !

SOLO. (ALBERT.)

One moment give to me, my dear ;

One moment leave thy pillow's rest ;

Or let me but thy sweet voice hear,

For only hearing thee I'm blest.

Giselle. (*speaking through the symphony, which continues, but very softly.*) Yes ; it is Albert who sings beneath my window. But I'll not show myself ; 'tis the last night of my power, and, while I can, I will indulge my humour, though they all tell me it is somewhat of the

wildest. (*The clock of a distant church begins to strike twelve.*) Midnight already! then I suppose I must think of bed.

(*She lights a lamp before the image of the Virgin.*)

CHORUS—*continued.*

There goes the midnight chime—

Ho la!

Once more the parting rhyme,

She hears us all the time—

Ho la!

SOLO. (ALBERT.)

Oh, hast thou, love, not heard me call?

Not heard my voice in such an hour?

Why, all's so still, the leaf's light fall

Comes on the ear with startling pow'r.

CHORUS.

Ho la! ho!

O'er the lake we go;

None awake but ourselves below.

(*The sound of the music dies away.*)

Giselle (angrily). They have gone; their voices die away upon the waters—abominable! he should have waited all night if I did not choose to show myself the sooner. And what am I to do now? I cannot sleep; I am too happy—too full of those wild fancies that Mary finds such fault with.

AIR. (GISELLE.)

Wild is the spirit that fills me now;

It throbs in each vein, it burns on my brow;

Trembling, I feel, ah, I know not how,

On wings of delight I fly;

Now could I soar with the lark above

And give back to earth my carol of love,

Mount on the wind and thro' ether rove,

So joyous of heart am I.

(*GISELLE begins to waltz to the symphony of the air, rapidly and joyously at first, but, after a time, slowly and with signs of increasing sleepiness, till she sinks exhausted into a chair, and seems to be vainly struggling against the torpor that overpowers her, while the voices of Albert and his crew are again heard, but at a great distance.*)

CHORUS.

Adieu! Adieu!

O'er the waters blue

I go, but my heart remains with you.

(*GISELLE repeats the words of the chorus in a sort of broken chant, like one half asleep.*)

Adieu! — a — dieu!

Ye — waters — blue.

A — — — dieu!

(*GISELLE is completely overpowered by sleep, and the curtain falls to a low symphony.*)

END OF THE INDUCTION.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A beautiful valley in Silesia. The hills around are covered with vineyards; on the right is GODFREY'S mill; on the left is ALBERT'S cottage. The sun is seen rising, the Vintagers assemble from all sides.*

CHORUS OF VINTAGERS.

Welcome, neighbours; come away;
 What a glorious morn is here!
 Never did the sun appear
 Brighter than it does to-day.
 Blessed season! blessed soil!
 They make a holiday of toil.
 Praise to Him, who cloth'd these hills
 With the vine—no fruit like that,
 When it sparkles in the vat,
 Gushing forth in purple rills.
 Blessed season! blessed soil!
 They make a holiday of toil.

As the Vintagers go off, FRIDOLIN enters, and peeps through the keyhole of ALBERT'S cottage door.

Frid. The stranger not up yet? very odd, for a forester—and on his wedding-day, too!—but, question; is he a forester?—answer, no, but quite the contrary; that is, he is some nobleman in disguise. I'll take another peep. *(He peeps again through the keyhole, when MARY enters.)*

Mary. So! there you are—peeping through key-holes and in at windows as usual.

Frid. Then why don't they leave their doors unlocked, and their windows open, and then one could see without peeping.

Mary. All very well, but, when we are married, I shall allow no prying into what does not concern you.

Frid. *(pompously.)* Respect the beadle; respect the sexton; respect a parochial authority.

Mary. Respect a fiddlestick.

ACCOMPANIED RECITATIVE.

Frid. Was ever beadle so ill-used!
 Was ever beadle so abused!
 By a—hem—ahem!

Mary. A what?
Frid. By a maiden young and fair:
 But you are so plaguy hot.

Mary. Have a care, sir, have a care.
Frid. Hark! I hear the stranger stirring!

(He peeps again through the keyhole.)

Zooks! the keyhole is so small
 I can nothing spy at all.

Mary. Well, and what is that to you?
 What have you with him to do?

Frid.

Why, but little just at present ;
But 'tis mightily unpleasant
To have a stranger dwelling here
Full six months, or very near,
No one knowing whence he came,
What his business is, or name.
Question—is this proper, Mary ?
Answer—no, but quite contrary.

(*ALBERT, who during the last few bars has opened
his window-shutters from within, now enters.*)

Mary.

Good morrow ; you are late to-day.

Albert.

But not too late to beg a kiss.

Mary.

No, I must not suffer this.

Frid.

Ahem, ahem ! don't mind me I pray.

Albert.

I don't intend.

Mary.

Fie, Albert, fie ;

Giselle will see.

Frid.

I hope she may.

Albert.

And if she did, she scarce would elude me :

'Twas but the spirit's joyous stir,
And even when I kiss'd thee, Mary,
I thought of her—I thought of her.

Mary.

Upon my word !

Frid.

What orthodoxy !

But worthy sir, pray understand,
Next time you kiss at second hand,
I wish you'd choose some other proxy.
Pshaw ! what a fuss about a kiss,
I'd give a dozen, and you'd not miss
A single one of all the number.

(*ALBERT, listening at the mill.*)

Albert.

No sound within ! she still must slumber.

(*ALBERT begins to sing his Serenade and is interrupted.*)

Mary.

Fool !—don't you see you're in the way ?

Frid.

A moment—but a moment stay ;
Methinks I hear the fair Giselle.

Mary.

How, blockhead ?—do you dare rebel ?

Why, then, take that (*boxing his ears*), and so farewell.

(*Exit. MARY.*)

Frid.

And is it so ?

Ye Gods a blow !

Farewell the dignity of place
And all that lent a beadle grace,
The gold-tipped staff, the plumed hat,
The chain, the medal, and all that—
Poor Frid'lin's occupation's gone.

(*FRIDOLIN goes out.*)

SERENADE. (*ALBERT.*)

Wake, my love, all life is stirring
In the air, the wood, the lake ;
Flames the sun high o'er the mountain,
Wake then, dearest, wake, oh wake !

Come my love ; beneath thy lattice

Must I still a watcher be ?

Weary minutes grow to hours ;

Come then, dearest, come to me.

Giselle (without).

I come ; I come.

GISELLE enters from the mill.

Giselle. And has the time indeed seemed so long to you?

Albert. Aye, longer than words can express, dear *Giselle*; me-
thought it never would be morning.

Giselle. And yet—do you believe in dreams?

Albert. What an odd question.

Giselle. Nay, but answer me; do you believe in dreams?

Albert. Yes, when I find them true.

Giselle. Ah!—you mock me; that is no answer.

Albert. Well, let me hear your dream, and I will tell you how
much I believe of it.

GRAND SCENA. (GISELLE.)

I dreamt we stood before the altar,
With joyous hearts and lips that falter,
To celebrate the nuptial rite;
Yet, strange to say,
It was not day,
But the full moon shone round and bright,
And, save her rays, no other light
Was beaming on the shrine;
When, as I was about to utter
The holy words should make me thine,
Low distant thunder 'gan to mutter;
The priest had gone, I knew not where,
And in his place was standing there
A lady, so surpassing fair,
Who claim'd thee for her own.
E'en while I gaze
In mute amaze,
Upheaves each monumental stone,
And the pale *Wilis* rise around,
With tresses to the breeze unbound;
Begins the phantom dance;
Caught by their witching glance
I join the revel too—
To whit! to whoo!
Round, round we fly
While the owlets cry;
Round, round we spin,
Now out, now in;
Round, round we reel
In giddy wheel;
While the dazzled star winks
At our flight and shrinks.
Was ever night so mad!
But, hark! the bird of day!
The *Wilis* fade like mists away;
And I awake, so sad! so sad!

Albert. You tell it prettily, my dear *Giselle*; but who are these
Wilis that figure so fancifully in your visions?

Giselle. What! have you been six months amongst us, and never
yet heard of the night-dancers? the timid, indeed, seldom speak of
them lest harm should come of it, but we have bold spirits enough,

who might have told you the Wilis are maiden brides, that have died before their wedding-day, and cannot rest in the grave, from their insatiable passion for the waltz.

Albert. Indeed! And where do these dancing ghosts find a ball-room?

Giselle. There now! you are mocking me again as usual.

Albert. Not I, by my faith; but you must own, yourself, that there is something odd in the idea of a troop of dancing skeletons.

Giselle. Who talked of anything so ridiculous? with them death is only a slumber of the spirit; their cheeks may have become pale, and their eyes glassy, but no part of them decays; and ever when the moon is brightest they rise from their beds below the turf, and hold a wild revel till day-break.

Albert. I should like much to be a guest at one of these same fancy-balls.

Giselle. The saints forbid! once drawn within their magic circle, you would dance on till you died.

Albert (laughing.) That would be terrible!

Giselle. There again! I know not how it is, Albert, but though you call yourself a forester, you neither talk nor think as we do; I could almost fancy you are not what you pretend to be.

Albert. And for what do you take me, my sweet enthusiast—for a prince in disguise?—would I were so for your sake.

Giselle. Oh, no—no—no.

Albert. And why not? were a prince less worthy of your love than a forester?

Giselle. It is not that, dear Albert; but—

Albert. But what?

Giselle. How shall I tell you? I love the humble wild flowers; they seem made for me, and I for them; but I cannot love the beautiful bright stars; they are too much above me.

Albert. Why then I would not change the green vest of the woodman for the ermine robe of the noble.

Giselle. Ah! if I could but believe you.

Albert. You may indeed, Giselle!

SONG. (ALBERT.)

I cannot flatter, if I would,
A face so fair, a heart so good;
The clearest stream that ever shone,
But dim reflects the golden moon,
And words as little can express
Thy more than woman's loveliness.

I've often dreamed in stilly night
Of angels clothed in robes of light,
And, while I slumbered, deem'd they were
Beyond what earth could shew me fair
But ever, when I wake, I see
There's nothing can compare with thee.

Enter GODFREY.

Albert. Good morrow, master Godfrey.

Godfrey. I bring you but lame news, children.

Giselle. What's the matter?

Godfrey. Oh, not much; you can't be married to-day, that's all.

Giselle. } Not married to-day?

Albert. }

Godfrey. The poor old pastor has been taken ill on the sudden, and can't leave his bed. Why, Albert!—why, Giselle!—don't you both look so sad upon it; I have sent off to the next village, and Father Herman will be here to-morrow.

Giselle. }

Albert. }

To-morrow?

Godfrey. Be patient, children, and take this with you—whatever is, is for the best.

Enter FRIDOLIN.

Frid. Oh, neighbours!—such news!

Godfrey. We know it already; the old priest has fallen ill, and there can be no wedding to-day.

Frid. Well now, only think! I never heard a word of that.

Godfrey. Then what is this mighty news of yours?

Frid. I don't know—that is—I do know—I do know he is here, but I don't know what brings him.

Godfrey. Him!—whom do you mean by him?

Frid. I mean the stranger, who is just arrived, with horses, and huntsmen, and dogs, and such a handsome young lady.

Giselle. Dogs and a young lady!—finely coupled up, I declare, master Fridolin.

Godfrey. Blockhead!

Frid. I, a blockhead I—good—very good—ha!—ha!—as if a parochial authority could be a blockhead! The idea!

Enter MARY.

Mary. Oh, such a sight!

Albert. You have seen him then!

Mary. Yes, and I'll tell you how—

Frid. No, I'll tell you; I am beadle, and by virtue of my office—

Godfrey. You'll hold your tongue.

Giselle. Yes, pray do. What of this stranger, Mary?

Mary. Oh, such a fine tall middle-aged gentleman! but such a scar over the left eye!

Albert. A scar over his left eye? (*aside*) 'tis he! he must not find me here.

Giselle. Why Albert!—you change colour!—you are ill!

Albert. And if I am, can you wonder? will not the brow burn when the heart aches? and is not our wedding-day put off till to-morrow?

Godfrey. Nonsense, man! if you turn heart-sick for a disappointment like this, how do you ever expect to rub through life?

Albert. You are right, Father Godfrey; I'll to the forest for a few hours, and the freshness of the morning will cool this fever in my blood.

Godfrey. But not till you have wetted your lips with a cup of wine.

Mary. I'll fetch it for Albert, uncle.

(*MARY goes off into the mill.*)

Albert. Excuse me.

Godfrey. Deuce a bit, lad; no friend of mine shall treat a flask of wine with contempt; I love and honour the vine, and you must learn to do the same.

MARY re-enters with wine and horn.

Godfrey. And here in good time it comes.

(*Pouring out a horn, and giving it to ALBERT.*)

SONG. (*MARY.*)

The cup is oak, the wine is gold,
A hundred years the sparkling juice is old;
And now on day its bubbles shine,
May each one add another year to thine.
Then drain the cup, within its round
Joy, and health, and life are found!

No mines have we where diamonds hide
Their fires in night from human eyes of pride;
But on our hills the vine-trees spread,
In clusters green, or purpling o'er our head,
Then drain the cup, within its round
Joy, and health, and life are found!

Albert (having drunk). It merits all your praises.

Godfrey. I knew you would say so; and now off with you.

Albert. Adieu, Giselle, till evening.

Giselle (reproachfully). Till evening?

Albert. Sooner, if my luck holds.

Godfrey. Aye, aye; but away with you! (*Exit Albert.*) A noble noble fellow, Giselle; I may thank you for a stout son-in-law.

Giselle. We are not married yet, father!

Frid. Very true, and I should just like to know—

Mary. You know, indeed, what right have you to know anything about any woman but myself? Hark!

(*Horns heard without*)

Godfrey. What sounds are these?

Mary. The horns of the huntsmen that accompany the stranger.

CONCERTED PIECE.

Giselle. A noble train ! all green and gold !
Godfrey. They've come no doubt with hound and spear
 To hunt the wild boar and the deer
 That range among our beachtrees old.
Frid. But question—have they got permission ?
Mary. Answer—that's not in your commission.

Enter DUKE, BERTHA, WILFRED, and TRAIN.

Duke (aside). This seems to be the spot ;
 And yonder is the cot.
(Aloud) Good morrow, friends ; can any say
 How far the way
 To the Weir-wolf's Glen and Fountain ?
Godfrey. It lies beyond the mountain
 Through craggy passes dark and wild
 At least a German mile.
Duke (to Bertha). And you appear so weary, child !

AIR. (BERTHA.)

Our way has been both rough and long,
 E'er since the skylark's matin song ;
 And even yet
 I can't forget ;
 My brain with recollection aches ;
 I need but close my weary eyes,
 And straight those horrid cliffs arise !
 That mountain-ledge
 Upon whose edge
 His way with fear the hunter takes.
 And now methinks the world has not
 To Fancy's eye a sweeter spot
 Than in this vale,
 This fairy dale,
 Where summer ere his time awakes.

Giselle. Wil't please you stay with us awhile,
 And be our humble mansion's guest ?
Duke. I thank you kindly ; that same smile
 Might tempt a traveller to rest,
 Who could not plead our weariness,
 Yet would not linger here the less.
 Your name, my pretty maid ?

Giselle. Giselle.
Duke. Giselle ? Giselle ? how very strange !

Godfrey. }
Giselle. } Your Grace !
Mary. }

Duke. I mean the name is strange—*(Aside)* 'tis sho !
(aloud.) And yet 'tis pretty—

Giselle (aside.) What a look !
 I scarce his searching eye can brook !

Duke.

A charming name—but let it be;
I take your offer willingly.

Coming from the pine's dark forest
Doubly green the valley shows
While, the evening sun reflecting,
Calmer now the streamlet flows.

Dove-eyed peace and sweet contentment,
Here have built their holy shrine—
Woods are greener,
Stars are sheener,
Would this Eden here were mine.

To Huntsmen.

Go, friends, and try your woodman skill;
And when I need your presence here,
My horn shall call you to the mill.

(The Duke hangs his horn upon the branch of an oak, and goes off into the mill with BERTHA, followed by GODFREY and GISELLE. FRIDOLIN and MARY give wine to the foresters.)

CHORUS OF HUNSMEN.

Here's a health to the forester good,
Who the wild boar shall spear,
Or shall first strike the deer,
'Mongst the leaves of the merry greenwood—
'Mongst the leaves of the beech tree that stood
Ere our fathers were born,
Let us empty a horn.
To the health of the forester good.
Tra la la! tra la la!
Away for the merry greenwood!
Tra la la! tra la la!

(They all go out, when FRIDOLIN, who has been watching them for some time, steals on.)

Frid. Gone at last! But what brings them here? what brings their master here?—curiosity, I'll be sworn!—nothing but idle curiosity. It really is strange that people cannot mind their own affairs, instead of—Ha! Albert's window is open, and—question—is there any harm in walking in? Answer—no, but quite the contrary.

(As he gets in at the window of ALBERTS' cottage, GISELLE enters from the mill.)

RECITATIVE AND AIR. (GISELLE.)

I breathe again! But oh—that fearful eye!
Turn where I would, it was upon me still,
So keen!—so bright! And yet, methought, at times
There was a stern compassion in his gaze,
What brings him here?—no good; my mind too sure
Presages coming ill. Why, Albert, why
Did you desert me for the chase to-day?

AIR.

What pleasure can there be in slaying?
 What joy to hear the fierce hound baying?
 Alas poor deer!
 Fond child of fear!
 And cannot all thy gentleness
 Redeem thee from a fate like this?
 No, no—ah, no!

The lone breeze through the foliage stealing
 Methinks should wake a milder feeling;
 Here peace divine
 Hath built her shrine;
 And cannot so much loveliness
 Make man for once content to bless?
 No, no—ah, no!

(GISELLE retires up the scene as if to watch for ALBERT.

FRIDOLIN re-enters from the window with a hat and plume, and a diamond star appended to a golden chain.

Frid. Ha, ha; this Albert's an impostor; here be fine proofs of it—proofs logistic, and proofs syllogistic—proofs compatible, and proofs incompatible—a hat with plumes, a chain of gold, and a diamond star. What a horrible deception!—to pretend to be an honest ranger, when he is only a prince in disguise. But I'll expose him—coram populo, as our schoolmaster says; the whole village shall know what he is, and what a beadle they have got in me. Yes, yes, I'll make a coram populo of him.

FINALE.

Frid. Well, sure there ne'er was such a beadle
 To fish a secret out, or wheedle;
 When I am gone what will they do?
 Who'll whip the little boys on Monday
 For peccadillos done on Sunday?
 Who'll shave the beards, black, red, and blue?

(ALBERT appears behind and joins GISELLE, who welcomes him with signs of great joy.)

But see; our billing doves are here;
 What are they plotting now I wonder?
 I'll hide, and, when our folks appear,
 Pop on them like a clap of thunder.

(He hides himself behind a clump of trees, as GISELLE and ALBERT come forward, the latter seeming hurried and anxious.)

Albert. These strangers—have they gone, Giselle?
Giselle. Ah no, it seems till night they stay.
Albert. Then till the night again adieu.
Giselle. No, Albert, leave me not to-day.

(GISELLE takes a flower from her bosom.

FLOWER DUET. (GISELLE AND ALBERT.)

- Giselle.* See, dearest, I have here the flower,
Whose leaves, they say, have prophet power;
Look, as I pull each leaf, 'twill show
If Albert's love be true or no.*
- Albert.* And have you, dearest there the flower,
Whose leaves, they say, have prophet power?
Then boldly pull, and let them show
If Albert's love be true or no.
- Giselle (pulling the leaves)*
He loves me—loves me not;
He loves me—loves me not.
- Albert.* 'Tis the last leaf that must tell
If I'm true, mine own Giselle!
- Giselle (still pulling the leaves.)*
He loves me—loves me not,
He loves me—loves me not.
- Albert.* 'Tis the last leaf that reveals
What the faithful bosom feels.
- Giselle (still pulling the leaves.)*
He loves me—loves me not;
He loves me—loves me not.
See!—the last leaf!—the barren stem,
Shorn of its flowery diadem,
Remains like me to be forgot.
- Albert.* Believe it not—believe it not!
- Giselle.* Oh yes, my love, I will believe—
I will believe thy heart is mine,
As truly as my faith is thine;
For where you false, I would not grieve;
Ah, no!—one momentary swell—
And the heart would break of your fond Giselle!
- Albert.* No more of this—you see they come,
With cheerful pipe and tabor drum,
'To hail my love their vintage queen.
And garland her with crown of green.

(Vintagers, male and female, enter dancing and singing about an empty car, which is profusely crowned with vine-leaves, while others play around an infant Bacchus, seated triumphantly astride a wine-cask.)

BACCHANALIAN CHORUS.

Hail to our vintage queen!
Thus hand in hand,
While we can stand,
We'll prove our loyalty by drinking;
Aye, till the weary stars are winking!
Long live our vintage queen!
When next the year
Grows old and sere,
May she have changed the crown upon her,
For Hymen's wreath of wedded honour.

* This is an allusion to a sort of divination which is common amongst the German peasants, and is frequently mentioned by their poets and novelists; indeed it occurs in the first part of Goëthe's "Faust," where Margaret practises it to test the affection of the great magician, and bursts into childish raptures at the result. The way

(*At the end of the chorus, GISELLE rises from her rustic throne, and joins with ALBERT in the general Waltz, which after a time is interrupted by FRIDOLIN, who comes forward with the hat and star.*)

ACCOMPANIED RECITATIVE

- Frid.* Hold, neighbours all!—the devil
Is joining in your revel!
(*The Vintagers break off the dance in consternation, and cross themselves.*)
- Vint.* In his name we abjure thee
In his name we conjure thee;
Fly tempter fly!
- Frid.* My figure was but metaphorical:
I mean a devil, allegorical,
This Albert is a noble in disguise!
(*The Vintagers take off their hats and kneel to him.*)
- Vint.* A noble in disguise?
Albert. No, no, the villain lies.
Oh, not to me,
Such homage be;
I'm like yourselves, of the greenwood born.
(*The Vintagers laugh and point derisively at FRIDOLIN.*)
- Vint.* Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Frid. A woodman with a plume and star!
Dolts! then we must try the bugle horn!
(*He snatches the Duke's horn from the tree, and winds it, when the huntsmen pour in from the forest, and the DUKE, with BERTHA, GODFREY, and MARY enter from the mill.*)
- Duke.* My nephew here?
Bertha. What do I see?—the Prince!
Godfrey. What infamous deceit!
Frid. (triumphantly to the vintagers.) Does this convince?
Giselle. A prince! then I indeed am lost;
Gone maiden fame! those fond hopes cross'd,
That were life's balm 'gainst every ill,
And made e'en anguish loth to kill!
Die—die at once!
- Albert.* Hear me Giselle—
Giselle. Oh, Albert! Albert!—was this well?
Duke. E'en for her sake, whose heart you've broken.
I will not chide:
But bid thee look upon this token,
That binds thee to a bride.
(*He takes BERTHA'S hand, and, holding it out, points to the ring upon it.*)

of it is simply this: the querist pulls off the leaves of the divining flower one by one, saying alternately as she does so, "He loves me—loves me not; loves me—loves me not," till she comes to the last leaf, when accordingly as the affirmative or negative falls upon it, so is the reply held to be favourable or unfavourable. The flower generally used for this purpose, is the ASTER, or STAR-FLOWER.

Giselle.

Beat not so rudely, heart, against my aching side.

Albert.

Talk not to me of troth,

Stern duty's growth;

Here is my true love given.

Look up mine own, and in the sight of heaven—

(GISELLE *shudders, and points to the ring on BERTHA's finger.*)

Giselle.

The ring! the ring!

Bertha.

'Tis yours, 'tis yours—poor blighted thing!

(*She takes off her ring, but hesitates and looks at the DUKE imploringly.*)

May I not, father?

Duke.

As thou wilt;

'Twere hard indeed to share the guilt,

That robs sweet innocence of life.

(BERTHA *places the ring upon the finger of GISELLE, who seems to yield her hand mechanically.*)

Bertha.

Be blest—be Albert's wedded wife.

(GISELLE's *senses begin to wander, and she makes the motion of pulling the leaves from a flower.*)

Giselle.

He loves me—loves me not.

Bertha.

How pale she looks—her glance, how wild!

Giselle.

He loves me—loves me not.

Bertha.

Help, father, help!—she is dying?

(GISELLE *falls lifeless into ALBERT's arms.*)

Duke.

She is dead!

Godfrey.

My child! my child

Albert.

No, no! it cannot be;

She never would leave me.

Rouse, love; shake off this counterfeit of death:

Ah, colour comes! I feel her balmy breath;

She sighs—her ruby lips unclose:

Hush, hush—(*bending over her*) what says my dear Giselle.

(*The abbey-bell begins to toll.*)

Horror! that death-denouncing bell

Has slain my love—my life—my bosom's peerless queen—

(*An Abbot and Monks enter in solemn procession, bearing lighted tapers, aspergirs, and mass books, the Acolytes following with their censers, scattering incense.*)

Abbot.

Alas! what scene of woe is here?

What sounds of sorrow meet mine ear?

Godfrey.

My child!—thou image of thy mother!

Abbot.

One lovely flower in earth we've laid,

The last sad pray'r is hardly pray'd,

And has Death nipt so soon another;

Come I too late?

Duke.

To save good brother:

But oh! in time for that last rite

Which wings the spirit in its flight

To the blest fount of living light.

CHORUS OF MONKS.

Holy waters o'er thee sprinkling,
 Saintly tapers round thee twinkling,
 Weary sister, rest in peace!

SEMI-CHORUS.

Rest in peace!

CHORUS OF MONKS.

Mary, Virgin, intercessor,
 Fount of hope to the transgressor,
 Bid our sister part in peace.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Part in peace!

(ALBERT starts up frantically.)

Albert.

Gone! gone!
 Cold as the monumental stone,
 That soon must rest
 Upon thy breast!
 And I am all alone!

GENERAL CHORUS.

Weary sister, part in peace!

THE ACT DROP FALLS DURING THE SYMPHONY.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*A lake, the borders of which are profusely covered with lotuses; high wooded banks on either side. In a hollow of the cliffs on the left hand, is a large wooden cross, whereon is inscribed "GISELLE," and below it is a grave, planted about with shrubs and flowers.*

Enter BERTHA.

RECITATIVE.

Bertha.

What is the charm dwells in this mournful spot,
 That ever draws me to it when the eve
 Is bright on lake and mountain! Ah, I feel
 So sadly happy when I linger here!
 Forgive me, dear Giselle, if with the tears,
 The honest tears, I offer at thy tomb,
 A selfish hope is mingling—oh, forgive.
 Not mine the guilt of thy too early death;
 Not mine the fault that on thy grave are waving
 The flowers that should have decked thy bridal couch.

(*She kneels at GISELLE's grave, when ALBERT enters in the dress of a nobleman, with a star at his breast.*)

Albert.

Thou here, good Bertha? ah, 'tis kindly done;
 For her dear sake I thank thee; if her spirit,
 Her gentle spirit, lingers near us still,
 She'll not be angry with the brother's kiss,
 That for her love I press upon thy lips.

*(Kisses her.)***DUET. (ALBERT & BERTHA).**

Peace to the dead;—if aught in truth
 So good, so beautiful can die;
 But sure thy spirit's only gone
 To add another star on high.

Peace to the dead!
 The holy dead,
 Whose requiem's said
 By night-winds o'er their lonely bed.

As every season some new flow'r,
 To hide thy grave, will bloom above;
 So thoughts of all thy worth shall grow
 Till grief's forgotten quite in love.

Peace to the dead!
 The holy dead,
 Whose requiem's said
 By night-winds o'er their lonely bed.

Bertha.

I have no time to chide thee, dearest Albert;
 The villagers are here.

Enter GODFREY, FRIDOLIN, MARY, and PEASANTS,
male and female.

Godfrey (to Mary.)

That princely villain!
 But lo! the hand of punishment is on him;
 He's fading fast, he'll soon be as his victim.
Mary. Oh, hush; what would her loving spirit say,
 Could it hear words like these?

Godfrey.

You're right, my girl.
 Good evening to your Grace.

Albert.

Your're welcome, all,
 For all, I know, would pay their tribute here.

(Pointing, as he speaks, to the grave, from which the Villagers pluck flowers, while GODFREY remains with his hands clasped as if in prayer.)

QUINTETTE AND CHORUS.

Ah, sure sweet maid, some portion still
 Of thy dear life these flowers must fill,
 That wave above the grassy tomb
 In fragrance rare and brightest bloom.
 Thy breath it is their sweetness gives,
 And in their leaves thy spirit lives;
 Ah, still we feel thou'rt near Giselle,
 E'en when we sigh "farewell, farewell."

(At the end of the air, the music assumes a wild wailing character, as it glides off into the following)

ACCOMPANIED RECITATIVE.

Mary.
Albert.

Break off; break off—dost hear?
'Tis the murmuring low of the evening breeze;
While kissing the blossom from off the trees.

Mary.
Bertha.

Again! again!—dost hear?
'Tis the loving song by the waters sung,
As they leap and frolic the rocks among.
Ah no, ah no, the waters are sleeping,
No wind amongst the green leaves is creeping;
And lo! the last glance of daylight flies.

Mary.

'Tis almost the hour
When the Wilis have power;

SONG.—(FRIDOLIN.)

He who lingers here when the phantoms rise
To their revel beneath the moonlit skies,
The waltz must join, dancing on; dancing on,
Till his heart stands still, and his breath is gone.

CHORUS.

He warns us well;
The sun is setting fast,
The evening's coming shade has cast
A horror o'er the dell.
Away! away!

(They all go off, except ALBERT, some in haste, and others lingeringly, casting curious but timid looks behind them.)

AIR.—(ALBERT.)

Wake from thy grave, Giselle,
If indeed thou hast the pow'r
'Tis now the Wilis' hour,
As aged legends tell.
Let me once more behold
The face I've loved so well,
Once more that form enfold
Of heavenly mould.

RECITATIVE.

'Tis madness here alone;
'Tis death now thou art gone;
Oh better far to be
Low in the grave with thee.
Wake, love, 'tis night's sweet noon;
Comes up the lovely moon,
Pouring a golden shower
Upon the sleeping flower.
Woe's me! no leaf is stirr'd;
Woe's me! no sound is heard;
Comes no shade at the voice of my call!
Alas! 'tis fable all.

Albert. Ah! these things belong not to the faith of reason; and yet the heart believes them. And why not? the poor grub, when it shakes off its insect-life, puts on wings and mounts into air; and is the human spirit, that for which the fairest shape was only a fitting habitation—is that less akin to the purer element than an earthborn worm?—perish the wretched thought. But what strange sleep is this comes over me on the sudden? it seems as if I had swallowed the juice of poppies. Good heavens! how wonderful!—'tis in vain to struggle with it—I'll rest on yonder bank till the feeling leaves me.

(Low plaintive music as he retires into the arbour, where he is hidden from the sight of the audience. MYRTHA rises from a bed of roses, a mysterious glow of light, illuminating the scene at her appearance; she touches the various lotuses successively with her wand, when each flower opens, and a Wili trips lightly forward; at a sign from the Queen, they all crowd about her, and she gives them to understand that a new sister is about to join them. The moonlight now falls brightly on the grave of Giselle.)

CHORUS OF WILIS.

Pace, pace around the bed,
 Where the flow'rs of night are weeping
 O'er our gentle sister sleeping.
 Once, and twice, the charm is said—
 Maiden, raise thy buried head.
 At our low voices
 The moon rejoices,
 The glow-worm lights his lamp with ether fed.
 Wake! the world is dreaming;
 Wake! the stars are gleaming;
 And night her mantle blue o'er heaven has spread.
 Come, come away;
 Come, join our maiden number,
 Ere morning grey
 Shall call again to slumber.
 Warm is the air,
 The waters sparkle fair;
 Thy wings unbind,
 To greet the gentle wind;
 Come, come away.

(At the end of the chorus GISELLE rises from amidst the flowers that cover her grave.)

RECITATIVE.

Giselle.

Who calls Giselle? Where am I? Ah, methought
I lay in sleep half conscious, and could hear
The flowers growing o'er me. Who are these,
So heavenly fair, the glory of the stars
Is dimm'd by their unutterable brightness?

Wilis.

Hail! sister! hail!

TRIO OF WILIS.

The Wilis of the night are we
Who welcome thee,
And bid thee from thee fling
The earthly shroud that clogs thy wing,
And share our joyous revelry.

(MYRTHA now advances to GISELLE, and touches her with
the lotus-wand, when her shroud drops off, wings sud-
denly expand upon her shoulders, and she becomes
transformed into a Wilis.)

Wilis.

Hail, sister! hail!

AIR—(GISELLE.)

What new delightful being's this?
What rapture fills me!
What transport thrills me!
'Tis such wild ecstasy of bliss,
That only things of air
Could live and bear;
And I am air—all air and fire!
The dross of earth is spent,
Leaving the purer element,
That hardly needs these wings to lift it higher.

Where first shall I their powers try?
Shall I o'er the waters skim,
Throwing scarce a shadow dim?
Or with the gilded beetle fly,
Or, soaring into ether far,
There twinkle like a distant star
To the wondering gaze below?

CHORUS OF WILIS.

No, Sister; no;
Dive not in water, fly not in air,
Though the lake is blue, and the skies are fair;
But join with us in the dance to-night,
To the beetle's hum, in the moon's warm light.

GISELLE (*joining in the chorus*).

Yes, sisters; yes;
I'll skim not the wave, I'll not fly in air,
Though the lake is blue, and the skies are fair;
But join with you in the dance to-night,
To the beetle's hum, in the moon's warm light.

BALLET OF WILIS,

Which after a time is suddenly interrupted by GISELLE.

RECITATIVE.

GISELLE.	CORELLA.	ASTRA.	UNDA
<i>Giselle.</i>	Break off!—break off.		
<i>The Three.</i>	What is it, sister dear?		
<i>Corella.</i>	Speak.		
<i>Astra.</i>	Speak.		
<i>Unda.</i>	Speak.		
<i>Giselle.</i>	No more; no more:		
	The song be hushed, and the dance give o'er.		
<i>Corella.</i>	Why?		
<i>Astra.</i>	Why?		
<i>Unda.</i>	Why?		
<i>The Three.</i>	Still the moon is bright;		
	Still far off is the morning's light.		
<i>Giselle.</i>	Hush; for the unblest tread I hear		
	Of living foot on the greensward near.		
<i>Corella.</i>	And I!		
<i>Astra.</i>	And I!		
<i>Unda.</i>	And I!		
<i>Giselle.</i>	Hence, Wilis; fly!		
	Each one in her rose bed lie,		
	Ready to seize and ready to spring,		
	'Till he comes within our magic ring,		
	As the spider lurks in his silken coil		
	To snare in its threads the winged spoil.		
<i>All.</i>	Fly, Wilis, fly!		

(GISELLE, MYRTHA, CORELLA, ASTRA, UNDA, and the other Wilis disappear amongst the flowers.)

Enter FRIDOLIN.

Frid. Here I am then—and now I am here, I almost wish I was there, or anywhere but here. Surely a man has two minds—and why not? he has two eyes, two ears, two hands. But here is the one mind says, as plain as a mind can speak, "Go and see the Wilis, friend Fridolin; see them by all means."—You'll be danced to death if you do," says the other.—"That's an old woman's tale," says the one.—"But if it should be true," says the other. "*If* and *but* never mounted a horse," says the one.—"Nor broke a neck," says the other. Psha! I am fixed to see these Wilis, so there's an end of it. (*Looking at his watch.*) Near twelve!—bless my soul, what late hours these young ladies keep to-night—or perhaps they wait to be invited?—how the plague shall I set about it? Suppose I sing; and if that doesn't draw them out, it's a plain case—your Wilis have no ears.

SONG. FRIDOLIN.)

Pretty sprites, where are you hiding?
 In what secret nook abiding?
 Pray come forth into the light,
 I would have a chat to-night.
 What we say or what we do,
 There is none to tell of you.

See the curious moon is peeping
 Where she thinks to find you sleeping;
 Now she glances on the fell,
 Twinkles now on every well;
 But come forth; whate'er we do,
 She will never tell of you.

(*At the end of the song, a loud clap of thunder is heard, when MYRTHA, CORELLA, ASTRA, UNDA, and all the other Wilis, except Giselle, rise from their various places of concealment.*)

RECITATIVE.

Corella. }
 Astra. }
 Unda. }

At your call we appear.

Frid. (speaking). Sorry to have given you so much trouble, ladies. (*Aside.*) Hang it, I'm not a bit afraid of them, dear delightful little creatures.

RECITATIVE.

Corella. }
 Astra. }
 Unda. }

At your call we are here,
 From our distant sphere,
 Where the shadowless night
 For ever is bright.

Frid. (speaking). Indeed!—that must be a cheap place to live in; no lamp-light wanted. (*Aside.*) My small friends here are given, I see, to fibbing.

RECITATIVE.

Corella. }
 Astra. }
 Unda. }

'Tis the hour of dance and song;
 Choose a mate from beauty's throng,
 Choose the one that pleases best
 Fancy's eye; where all are blest.
 Choose, and to-night on the pebbly shore
 You shall dance as you ne'er have danced before.

Frid. (speaking). How exceedingly agreeable! Fridolin, my boy, you're in luck to-night.

RECITATIVE.

Corella.
 Astra.
 Unda.

Choose.
 Choose.
 Choose.

Frid. (speaking). Upon my life, that's no such easy matter.

RECITATIVE.

Corella.

Take me.

Astra.

Or me.

Unda.

Or me.

All Three.

To choose you are free—to choose you are free.

Frid. (speaking). Charming little creatures! Question though; would Mary be pleased if she could see me picking and choosing amongst all these rosebuds? answer, no, but quite the contrary.

RECITATIVE.

Corella.

I'll weave a crown for my loved one's head,
Of briars sweet and the roses red.

Frid. (speaking). Well that is kind of you; but mind you don't prick your delicate fingers.

RECITATIVE.

Astra.

I'll dive through the waters of the lake,
And bring up the pearl for thy dear sake.

Frid. (speaking). Pearls;—but won't you take cold, think you?
(Aside). All a flum;—pearls don't grow in fresh water; the little devil wants to cheat me.

RECITATIVE.

Unda.

But what is the rose or the pearl to this?
I'll blush and give you a maiden kiss.

Frid. (speaking). Take me; take me; you are the lass for my money. *(All the Wilis crowd about him, each endeavouring to attract him to herself.* It's of no use, ladies; I am disposed of; bought and *(kissing Unda)* paid for. Zounds!—what's the matter with me? I never knew a kiss have such a queer effect before. Surely, I have got a pair of wings—I could mount into the air—I could sing—I could dance.

CHORUS OF WILIS.

Dance—dance—dance—
While the moon shines fair
And the stars are there,
Dance—dance—dance.

(A wild Waltz begins, the Wilis flinging FRIDOLIN from one to the other till they come to the borders of the lake, when CORELLA, ASTRA and UNDA, plunge in, and, unable to resist the fascination, he dashes after them; no sooner has he sunk beneath the water than the three Wilis rise again triumphantly from the lake, and join their companions, who during this action have continued the dance.)

CHORUS OF WILIS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! we have netted our prey;
 But we'll have another ere break of day.
 Hurrah! hurrah!—what a sport it be,
 What a dainty delight,
 The bubbles and spreading rings to see,
 As he sinks down—down—to the realms of night
 Ho! ho!
 Down below!
 The corpse we send is bonny and white,
 And the pike and the eel shall feast to-night.
 Ho! ho!
 Down below!

(The Wilis again disappear as the music of the chorus dies away, and ALBERT comes forward.)

Albert. Can I believe mine eyes? can I believe mine ears? or have I eaten of the poisonous honey that drives men mad? I saw the poor wretch plunge into the lake—I heard their wild song of triumph—and all the time some spell tied my tongue, and glued me to the spot. Hark! was not that a sigh? or is it only the juggling of my senses? No—hark—again!

ACCOMPANIED RECITATIVE.

GISELLE (singing beneath the earth).

Giselle.

Fly from this fatal vale;
 Fly, ere the charm prevail,
 And root you, all unwilling, to the spot.

Albert.

What voice is that, so sadly sweet,
 Which sounds of earth, and yet of earth is not?

Giselle.

Be warn'd; while yet there's time, retreat,

Albert.

It is her voice!—Giselle! mine own Giselle!
 Whom I have loved so fatally, yet ah! so well!
 If thou hast form be visible to sight,
 E'en though I perish in thy spirit's light,

(GISELLE rises from the roses.)

Giselle.

Oh why hast thou done this?
 'Tis not for things of life to hold
 Communion with the spirits of bliss.

Albert.

Eternal power! behold! behold!

Giselle.

You should have left me in my glen
 Beneath the turf,
 Unvexed, save by the beating surf;
 I had not harm'd thee then.

Albert.

Is it rapture—is it pain—
 Thrills and throbs, in every vein?

Giselle (wringing her hands).

Alas! Alas!

Albert.

Beautiful vision, be not wroth,
 Nor let thy spirit seem to weep,
 For that I've call'd thee from thy sleep
 With the consuming worm and moth.

Giselle (wringing her hands).

Alas! Alas!

DUET.—(GISELLE AND ALBERT).*Giselle.*

Thou hast call'd, ah! woe's the hour!
And in me wak'd the fatal power,

Which though I hate, I must obey;
Ah! must I to the death-dance bear thee?
And must I in the death-fold snare thee,
And with a kiss steal life away?

Albert.

Yes I have call'd, and, joyful hour!
The voice of love has sovereign pow'r,

That even spirits must obey.
And then, if thou wilt, to death-dance bear me,
And in thy loving death-fold snare me,
And with a kiss steal life away?

Giselle.

Oh! could I but an hour delay;
The east already glimmers grey,
I feel the breath of morning cold,
While thin white mists the hills enfold.

Albert.

Oh linger not, no more delay;
The east already glimmers grey,
The winds of morn are blowing cold,
And thin white mists the hills enfold.

RECITATIVE.*Giselle.*

I would, but no it cannot be;
I may no longer tame the fires that in me dwell.
Come, love, to me.

Albert.

I come, love, to thee.

(GISELLE opens her arms, and he rushes into them.)

Giselle. }
Albert. }

I yield me to the spell.

BALLET OF WILIS.

(The dance, which is at first slow, gradually quickens into a wild gallopade. After a time ALBERT gets exhausted, and is being forced towards the lake, when the first rays of the rising sun appear above the mountains, and shine full upon the Wilis, who immediately fall from him, showing, in their turn, similar signs of weakness. The music and the dance become more and more languid, till at length the Wilis, unable to bear the growing daylight, fade away into the mists of morning. GISELLE alone remains.)

RECITATIVE.—(GISELLE).

Intolerable light!

Alas! thou wilt exhale me quite,
E'en as the mists, that morn has breath'd.
About the dewy mountains wreath'd
But thou, dear Albert, thou art sav'd
From the sad doom thy frenzy crav'd,
And my last pulse is pleasure's throb,
And my last sigh is rapture's sob.
Ah, fainter, fainter burns the spirit's flame;
Then let me on thy breast,
Caressing and caress'd,
Return unto the elements from which I came.

AIR.—(GISELLE).

Ah no, you'll not forget me quite
 When flow'rs are o'er me growing;
 At times you'll haunt these meads at night
 When moon and stars are glowing.
 And ever as you breathe farewell,
 You'll deem an echo's sighing;
 But 'tis the shades of your Giselle,
 Unseen, yet still undying.
 You'll fancy that the gentle wind
 Upon your brow is playing;
 Ah no! it is the spirits kiss,
 With passion undecaying.
 But oh! it burns!—my hour is come
 You'll never see me—never!
 A shade of night, I melt in light—
 Farewell, farewell for ever.

(Clouds spread over the whole scene, and continue for a time revolving. During this, the sound of horns and the voices of huntsmen are heard, at first distant, but gradually swelling into the opening serenade. As it ends, the clouds, which had been growing thinner and thinner, roll off and discover the room shown in the Induction. GISELLE is still sleeping on the couch, but starts up at the loud finishing flourish of the bugles.)

Giselle. Good Heavens! am I indeed alive? *(Doubtingly).* I breathe—I see—I feel—what a frightful vision! but was it in sooth a vision, and am I now awake? Ha! the lamp yet burns before the image of the virgin; *(as if breathing more freely)* it was only a dream then—the fault of my own forgetfulness—alas for me! my head and heart were too full of worldly thoughts last night; I said not my wonted prayer, and the holy one abandoned me to the illusions of our enemy.

She kneels before the image and chaunts her

MORNING HYMN.

Ave Maria, undefil'd!
 For the slumbers of the night,
 For the hopes that come with light,
 We praise thee.

Ave Maria, good and mild!
 For each thought of ill repress
 In the warm and erring breast,
 We praise thee.

Ave Maria, Heavenly child!
 For thy still-forgiving love,
 Ah, so far our worth above,
 We praise thee.

(The joyous peal of the near abbey-bells is suddenly heard chiming in with the symphony of the hymn.)

Giselle. The bells ring out for a wedding—(*recollecting*)—for my wedding—oh, happy, happy *Giselle*!

(*Voices without*). Rise, sluggard; rise, and open to us.

Giselle. Directly, good folks—directly. What will they think when they find I have not been in bed all night?

(*She opens the door, when GODFREY, ALBERT (in a huntsman's dress), FRIDOLIN, MARY, PETERKIN, and PEASANTS, enter, all wearing bridal favors. GISELLE flies to ALBERT.*)

Giselle. Yes, 'tis my own *Albert*—my own true forester—you are no prince.

Albert. I a prince! ha! ha!

Giselle. And you are not married to a duchess?

Albert. I married to a duchess!

Giselle. *Fridolin* too—you are not drowned after all?

Mary. He drowned?—it must be in ale or brandy then, for he never trusts himself near water.

Frid. Question—is Miss *Giselle* in her right senses?—answer, no, but quite the contrary.

Giselle. Oh, I am so happy?—so very happy!

Godfrey. Natural enough on your wedding-day. But what the plague mean all these odd questions? are you dreaming, and your eyes wide open.

Giselle. No, father, no, I am awake now, blessed be the Virgin! but I have been dreaming—and such ugly dreams! I fancied myself a *Wili*, and dancing in their midnight revels.

All (*drawing back in terror*). A *Wili*?

Godfrey. Nonsense, children, nonsense; if you once begin upon that tune, we are like to have a pleasant wedding of it; so, not another word about any dance, but the dance to church.

FINALE.

SOLO. (*GISELLE.*)

On me crowd such joyous fancies,
Oh! the heart within me dances!
Love from earth and Heav'n now glances,
Anxious dreams of night, farewell;
Touch'd by Love, the birds are singing,
Tuned to Hope, the bells are ringing
Joyously the flow'rs are springing,
Happiest of all—*Giselle*.

CHORUS.

Happy *Giselle*! happy *Giselle*!

FINIS.

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Sung by MADAME PALMIERI. (GISELLE.)

<i>Song</i>	Wild is the spirit that fills me now	2	6
<i>Scena</i>	I dreamt we stood before the altar	3	0
<i>Recitative</i>	I breathe again	}	2 6
<i>Air</i>	What pleasure can there be in slaying... ..		
<i>Scena</i>	What delightful being's this?	2	6
<i>Song</i>	Ah, no! you'll not forget me quite (in A, original key, and in F)	2	0
<i>Morning Hymn</i>	Ave Maria	1	6
<i>Rondo Finale..</i>	O'er me crowd such joyous fancies	2	0

Sung by MISS THIRLWALL. (MARY.)

<i>Legend</i>	Two suitors they came with love and with gold	2	6
<i>Song</i>	The cup is oak, the wine is gold	2	0

Sung by MISS LEFFLER. (BERTHA.)

<i>Air</i>	Our way has been both rough and long	2	0
<i>Song</i>	For one glad hour, alas, too brief... ..	2	0

Sung by Mr. HENRY HAIGH. (ALBERT.)

<i>Serenade</i>	Wake, my love, all life is stirring (in D flat, original key, also in B and in A)	2	0
<i>Song</i>	I cannot flatter if I would	2	0
<i>Aria</i>	Wake from thy grave, Giselle (in E flat, original key, and in C)	2	0

Sung by Mr. CORRI. (FRIDOLIN.)

<i>Song</i>	Pretty, Sprites	2	6
<i>Air</i>	He who lingers here	2	0

Sung by Mr. THEODORE DISTIN. (GODFREY.)

Song Laugh, my girls 2 0

**Duets sung by MADAME PALMIERI and
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The Flower duct. He loves me—loves me not (in A, original key,
and in F) 2 6
Thou hast called, ah! woe's the hour 2 6

Duet sung by MISS LEFFLER and Mr. HENRY HAIGH

Peace to the Dead 2 6

Trio sung by the Wilis.

The Wilis of the night are we 2 6
Pull, Brothers, pull (Mr. HAIGH and CHORUS) 2 6

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